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Editorial

At last, after four years of labor we have won the long sought-for prize—our diplomas. Now we shall all start out on the equal basis of a high school education. But after graduation our ways part. Some of us will attend other schools, to equip us more fully for our chosen line. Others will start right in to work, relying entirely on the knowledge and experience gained in high school. But whatever we are planning to do, we have all formulated very clear ideas of what we expect to obtain from life.

Almost everyone will agree that happiness is what we all seek. Everything that we do is done with the hope of obtaining happiness for ourselves. This is not a selfish statement for if we make others happy, we ought to bring happiness to ourselves also. Happiness is found in different ways by different people. Some find it in material things, some in spiritual. Some may find it in wealth, power, position and all that they bring, some in helpfulness, kindness, and love for his fellow man. But, no matter how we go about to gain our end, we shall succeed so long as we keep faith in ourselves. For without confidence in our own abilities we can do nothing.

CUB STAFF 1930 - 1931

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Literary

LITERARY DEPARTMENT PROGRESS

Airplanes of all colors zoomed overhead. Brown army planes, silver navy planes, orange commercial planes, red, black yellow, green biplanes, monoplanes, trimoters, bombers,—but to the anxious party waiting on the ground they had none of the fascination common to usual visitors of this much visited sky thoroughfare. With eyes fixed steadily upon the western horizon they saw uncomprehendingly the slowly setting sun and its brilliant colors. Their tension was conveyed in a slight degree to the thinning crowd gathered around the hangars. Many lingered until time call-

ed them away curious about the silently watching group and not without a small doubting fear preying upon them.

The group consisted of two elderly people, a man and a woman, a young lady, and a young man.

The were dressed in afternoon sport clothes and indeed they had just left the most exciting derby race of the season in response to an urgent telegram that had brought them here hurriedly to stand for so long with such tense and solemn faces. Near them was their high powered, low-slung gray car.

At last against the rose rays of the setting sun three planes appeared in formation. The silver plane was in the lead—a gray flash against the sky—that would be the doctor! The two behind would be his nurses and assistants. The watching group held its breath. Would they be on time? The car raced to the planes as soon as they were motionless. America's greatest surgeon was rushed from plane to car, and thence to New York's most famed hospital. More slowly the occupants of the other two planes followed. The scene at which they had arrived was one of calm and quiet. The great surgeon had taken charge and at once he made preparation for the necessary operation on the still figure of the pale young man on the bed.

The operation was successful!

An interested observer of the whole incident went away marveling and with respect and awe in his heart for the men who had made possible so great a progress in civilization, that through the combination of machinery and skill this group was made happy.

—Phyllis Haggerty.

THE HOUR OF PEACE

The hour of peace is when the wings
of twilight fold
Their colors of vaporous sapphire,
mauve and gold,
Around an earth overflowing with
sorrow,
When each blade of grass and leaf
seems to borrow
Its radiant hue from the twilight's
subtle color.

Sweetest then the dreams men
wrought
Around the lovelier things never
bought.
Saddest then the hearts of those
In whose hearts the love for others
never rose.
Quieter then is boisterous youth.

The songs of the birds are softer
then
And the evening primrose their fragrance lend
To the earth the perfumed wealth
of its flower.
Oh sweet and peaceful hour,
When twilight unfolds her colorful
wings!

—Marietta Scotton.

A NIGHT SETTING

In the blackness of the night, a man stood on the edge of a high cliff on the mountainside. Far below him twinkled the lights of a small village. Spread through the darkness they looked like a silver spangled scarf tossed carelessly over a dark curtain. Beside the village a river cast forth a dull steel glint and across its banks the flood lights of an airport shone like a large flashing jewel. Farther upon the mountainside behind the man, a solitary gleam from his cabin

pierced the gloom. The silence was enhanced by the slight murmur of the winds which stirred the vast tract of pine below him. To his left the moon broke through the thick foliage of the trees to cast a dancing silver ray upon a silently flowing mountain brook.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of crashing underbrush and the man held his breath as a beautiful stag stepped into the patch of moonlight with his antlers lifted high and his sensitive head poised gracefully. The man scarcely breathed as the wonderful creature slowly drank from the clear, liquid depth of the stream and then whirled around and with another crashing of foliage was gone. Silence reigned once more as the man slowly climbed the path to his cabin and, looking back, he saw a silver spangled scarf sparkling against its black velvet setting and further off a large glowing jewel flashing.

—Phyllis Haggerty.

THE VICTIMS OF THE MOAT

Taken captive on the day of her betrothal to the gallant young Sir Roderick Maseville, fair Lady Ellen stood there, in her cell-like room in the turret of the castle of her captor, the Duke of Marlborough, and watched the rays of a fiery morning sun usher in another day of monotonous captivity. She had spent a sleepless night knowing that this very day her lover would storm the duke's castle, capture the duke, and rescue her. It he should fail—? The very thought was horrifying. She lifted the mattress of the bed and took from under it Sir Roderick's shield which she had secreted beneath her big cape during the flight. She went to the massive window and opened wide the shutters and the bright sun's rays danced and sparkled on the shield. For a long time she gazed fondly at it looking out across the hills occasionally to get a glimpse of Sir Roderick's banners when he should come. It was thus that the Duke of Marlborough found her when he came to pay his daily visit, do his daily pleading for her hand in marriage, and then threaten her very life when she refused him.

On this particular morning, the duke, having heard of Sir Roderick's plans, was in no mood to listen to a refusal, much less to look upon this picture which presented itself. He entered suddenly, giving Lady Ellen no time to conceal the shield, and upon seeing it the duke rushed forward, seized it (not without effort), and recognized the coat of the House of Maseville engraved upon its face. A struggle for the shield ensued making stronger Lady Ellen's love and increasing the duke's hatred. Lady Ellen would never, as long as she breathed, allow that shield to fall in anyone else's hands.

Suddenly there came the sound of a trumpet and from the window Lady Ellen saw Sir Roderick crossing the distant hills at the head of two hundred brave knights. The duke was strong and cowardly, the lady's love young and strong. She would have fought to her last breath but the duke was willing to come to terms for Lady Ellen's cries could be heard throughout the bare old walls of the castle, and already Sir Roderick had gained the outer wall and had only to get control of the drawbridge in order to reach his fair one. The duke laid the shield on the sill of the open window; Lady Ellen, as if to reassure herself of

her victory placed her hand upon it. The duke, wishing to emphasize his superiority, wheeled about to remove her hand and in doing so, knocked the shield from the sill and it fell down, down, down, and splashed into the cold, inky black moat which surrounded the castle. Lady Ellen stood frozen to the floor for a moment. Stupefaction overcame her and then she rushed toward the window and would have thrown herself out after the shield had not the duke, jumped in front of her. She fought furiously while the duke, ejaculating oaths, strove to keep her from leaping out of the high window.

Lady Ellen, glancing out, saw Sir Roderick on the wall, his men having surrounded the castle on all sides. At the sight of him she shouted and fought all the more vigorously.

Sir Roderick, hearing her cries, saw the duke's great burly shoulders framed in the window, saw him struggling, and saw an occasional flash of the white of Lady Ellen's betrothal gown. On the first impulse he grasped the shaft of his spear and sent it flying toward the window. At precisely the same moment Lady Ellen gained her way to the window and leaned far out to catch a glimpse of her lost shield. The spear whizzing through the air struck, but its victim was not the intended one and the body of the beautiful Lady Ellen slid from the sill and fell down, down, down, into the still, cold moat through whose inky waters showed a faint silvery glimmer.

Sir Roderick, seeing what he had done and knowing that life no longer held happiness for him, bowed his head for a brief moment as if in prayer, and then leaped to the side of his loved one in the moat.

There was a splash followed by the cries of men and then the moat, disturbed for a third time within a quarter of an hour, settled to itself.

The rays of a fiery setting sun shone quietly on the Castle of Marlborough,the wind died away, and that little portion of the world was quiet once again excepting for the occasional chuckle of the Duke of Marlborough as he grinned down upon the still, cold inky moat.

—Edith Richardson.

Graduation Essays

IPSWICH AS THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

(Mary Henderson)

No one has ever been able to realize the full significance of the stirring sentence, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," better than our own Ipswich forefathers. Ever since they had landed on these shores, they had clung to their rights as true sons of England to make their own laws, elect their own rulers, and above all, levy their own taxes.

Now comes a hated British tyrant sent over from the mother country to keep the state of Massachusetts in subjection. The first act of the new governor, Andros, is to disregard utterly the rights of his subjects by highhandedly ordering a tax of a penny on every pound of money in the Colony's possesion, to be paid as a source of revenue, without even consulting the representatives of the people. Later, he levied many other taxes without the consent of the people, but no other act of his enraged the Massachusetts patriots so much as this first one—the ordering of a tax small in amount, no doubt, but very far-reaching in result.

Ipswich has a well-founded claim of being the birthplace of American independence. Several other towns before this time had shown signs of discontent, but none had dared to oppose directly the will of England as Ipswich did.

The evening before the day set for the town meeting at which the momentous decision of obedience or disobedience was to be made, a group of well-known men of Ipswich and Essex gathered at the home of John Appleton, Junior, to consider the question of whether it was right for the citizens to pay this tax. Among those present were the Reverend John Wise, pastor of the church at Essex, William Hubbard, pastor of the Ipswich church, and Mr. John Whipple. After much deliberation and argument, they decided that it was entirely contrary to their rights as English subjects to pay this tax, since they had had nothing at all to say concerning its levying. The Reverend John Wise was then appointed the spokesman to present the views of these men at the town meeting the next day.

Early on the morning of August 23, 1687, the people began to assemble at the old meeting-house upon the green. They gathered very quietly considering that it was at this very meeting that the first blast of the trump of liberty was to be sounded. As soon as the building was filled, the men holding tight to their muskets, for there had been recent threats of Indian attacks, the governor's warrant, ordering the tax to be paid and tax collectors to be appointed, was read to the assemblage.

There was very little discontent show until the honored pastor of Essex, Mr. Wise, began his impassioned appeal to their love of liberty. His opinions were very much respected then, and his memory is still held in high esteem, as is shown by the recently proposed plan to make his homestead, with some adjoining land, a national park. He can truly be called the father of American independence for, although his acts preceded the American revolution by nearly one hun-

dred years, that war was fought on exactly the some principles which Wise emphasized. Furthermore, his later writings were copied in part almost word for word by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence. At this town meeting Mr. Wise recalled to the people the struggle of their forefathers in England to obtain the rights which meant so much to them. He exhorted each one not to bow down to every whim of the tyrant Andros. For they were still British subjects and their mere change of home could not take away their cherished rights. He begged them not to pay the tax, no matter if it was small.

Several other men then spoke in a similar strain. The people, realizing that whatever their leaders said must be right, voted not to pay the tax. Here was struck the first blow for independence, without confusion and bloodshed, it is true, but a firm stroke, nevertheless. As soon as Ipswich had blazed the way by open refusal, other towns followed suit, and Andros soon found himself with a very troublesome colony on his hands.

Ipswich was, at this time, next to Boston, the most important town in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Thus, since Boston had quietly submitted to the governor's demands, Ipswich as the next largest town, had to bear the brunt of the wrath of the ruling powers. The men who had spoken at the town meeting and several others who were suspected of having incited the people to open resistance to the governor's orders, were arrested and tried. Most of them were quickly acquitted, but Samuel Appleton was detained in jail for a long time. Ipswich was roundly censured and was mentioned in the governor's report as a trouble-maker. This was the price that Ipswich had to pay for the privilege of bearing on her seal the inscription: "The Birthplace of American Independence."

Ipswich lived up to her reputation in the years that followed. Ipswich men were sent to the Revolutionary War, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and the World War. A large proportion were distinguished by their bravery. Ipswich men are as ready to fight for the liberty of others now as they were ready to strive for their own independence in a matter of taxation in 1687. For although Ipswich is small, her inhabitants are not lacking in courage. May she therefore always be the home of American independence as well as its birthplace!

THE TRUST FUNDS OF IPSWICH

Edward Dolan

Ipswich, endowed with a beautiful location and a glorious past, has been very fortunate in having money given to her. Funds, amounting to $188,000 have been donated. This sum of money has been supplied by funds of the following names: Heard, Treadwell, Manning, Payne, Burley, Crane, Cowles, Jones, and Brown funds. The number of these various funds indicates to some degree their value to the town of Ipswich.

One of the most interesting funds is the Heard Fund. Augustine Heard led a very eventful life. He was a student at Exeter in his youth and he displayed much talent there as a scholar and a writer. He travelled to Smyrna in a small schooner at an early age. He loved the sea with its adventure and his life reads like that of a story-book hero. He

kept a steady record of his voyages, his hardships, and joys throughout his life. He dwelt in Ipswich in his declining years after having seen life in many foreign countries. He was a kind, generous giver all his life. In his old age he had planned for the building of a library for which he provided in his will. He selected the site and purchased the land for a library. He became somewhat bolder and took upon himself the selection of plans and the oversight of the erection of the building. He appointed the trustees, told them what he wanted them to do, and selected a librarian. He approved the selection of three thousand volumes of books, and seven thousand more were added by his four nephews after his death. He provided for a library that might be self-supporting at all times and and free to everyone. His total bequest exceeded forty thousand dollars.

Daniel Treadwell had likewise made plans all his life for the provision of a free public library in Ipswich. In his will he stated, "I give . . . . to my native Town of Ipswich all my real estate situated in the said Town, to have and to hold the same forever—the income whereof, together with the sum of four thousand dollars . . . . shall be appropriated by the said Town for the founding of a library, to contain a collection of the standard works of the best authors, ancient and modern, but to the exclusion of the cheap literature and party newspapers of the day, for the use of the inhabitants of Ipswich and the neighboring towns.

And it is my wish that the building of the said library shall be erected upon the land purchased by me near the Stone Bridge (meaning Choate Bridge) a few years since, that it shall be made fireproof and used exclusively for the purposes of a library."

As Mr. Heard had provided for the same object, one or the other had to change his will. Mr. Heard erected the library building and installed a library. Of course this was a keen disappointment to Mr. Treadwell but after consultation with the trustees, he made a change in his will by which he gave his lands, estate, and other properties mentioned in the former will for the further endowment and support of a free public library in Ipswich. Now we have a library where anyone can go to enjoy himself by good reading. The collection of books was one of the best in the country as it contained many rare books and first editions. Unfortunately, however, some of these seem to be missing at the present time. But we have a collection of books now to interest young and old of various tastes.

William Burley is another man who has added to the benefactions of the town of Ipswich. He was a native of Ipswich and interested in the welfare of the town, who died in Beverly but remembered his old home town in his will. He bequeathed two thousand dollars of which fifty dollars was to be paid yearly for two years after his death to teach poor children to read and to instruct them in the principles of the Christian religion. But it would be quite difficult to carry out the terms of the will as there are so many who would be eligible to receive this instruction. Now every child goes to school to learn to read and most children go to church or Sunday school. The trustees, realizing this, were in favor of changing

the terms of the bequest. Therefore, by a legal procedure, the terms were changed for a more logical purpose. The interest from the money accumulated as there was little use for it. Later much of the money was used for building a schoolhouse which is called the Burley School, named after Mr. Burley.

Robert Payne also desired that Ipswich might have schools for the education of its future citizens. He carried out his plan in somewhat the same way in which Augustine Heard provided for the library. He built a schoolhouse at his own cost and held it until 1863. Then he gave this schoolhouse to a board of trustees and it became the Payne School. Although this school is not very imposing now, it has stood the wear and tear of many years and has proved itself even more durable than Manning High School.

William Payne was also interested in the welfare of his town. He gave Little Neck to Ipswich, where it might build a schoolhouse. However, as it was not deemed wise to build a schoolhouse there, it has been used otherwise. At present it seems that Little Neck has been of more value in its present use than it might have been if it had been used for the building of a schoolhouse. The town now holds Little Neck and the income from it is appropriated toward the maintenance of our high school. Little Neck is now one of the most beautiful summer colonies in this vicinity and it adds greatly to the attraction and beauty of the town.

The most important of all the funds is the Manning Fund. Dr. Thomas Manning had always been a kind and generous man. He was an ardent supporter of the town and helped his town in many ways. However, when he tried to provide for a high school in Ipswich, he became the innocent cause for much trouble and scandal. He left sixty thousand dollars in the hands of executives to be invested in good stocks and to be given to trustees at the end of twenty years "for the purpose of maintaining a free high school for the use of youths of both sexes of good moral character and deportment and of suitable age." The first point of combat was that he was incompetent to make out a will. His son thought he was deprived of his proper share of the money and therefore fought for his rights. However, the Manning High School was built in 1874 and it still stands. But at this point the misfortunes began. For several years, for some reason or other, the trustees made no report upon the condition of the funds. Because of this, a bill was passed in the Massachusetts legislature forcing the trustees to make a public accounting each year. At present the fund amounts to about forty thousand dollars, part of which is invested in the Colonial Building. This returns about two percent and sometimes less on the investment. Another part of the money is invested in the so called Masters house which was acquired by the trustees to relieve the local bank of a bad mortgage. The major portion of the rest of the funds is invested in Mexican railway bonds of questionable value. It can be plainly seen that all of these investments are doubtful and certainly cannot be of any great value. There are good results and bad results from this Manning Fund. Of course, the best result is that we did get a high school. Another good feature is that Ipswich has never had to build a high school

in the three hundred years of its history. And, fifty-six years ago Ipswich did have one of the best high schools in Massachusetts. But that was fifty-six years ago. An unfortunate feature is that the people of Ipswich have never been wholly conscious of their responsibility to the youth of the town, feeling that the Manning Fund should take the place of legitimate taxes for the support of schools. Secondly, it does not set a very good example to the youth in the handling of sacred trusts. What should we have done if our high school had not been left to us by this man?

A fund to help further the education of worthy boys and girls after graduation from high school was given by Roxanna Cowles. As she had been an instructor at Vassar College and a woman much interested in education, she realized the value of a college education. In her will she left ten thousand dollars, called the Eunice Cowles fund, to be used to help Ipswich boys and girls of good character who had graduated from Manning High School with an average of at least 85% to continue their education. She provided that two hundred dollars might be given each year to each of two students who were deemed worthy of this aid. This is an excellent aid to any boy or girl ambitious to go to college and it should be an inspiration for anyone who enters high school desiring to further his education to do his school work faithfully.

The Richard T. Crane, Jr. Fund is one from which all the school children and teachers in Ipswich receive pleasure. Mr. Crane has given a sum of money to be used each year for the purpose of giving a picnic at Crane's Beach to the school children and teachers of the town. The first picnic was given on the occasion of his son's birthday and one has been given regularly every year since. As a result anyone who goes to school in Ipswich can be assured of at least one picnic each year. We all realize his kindness in providing for this picnic and we all look forward to it each year as a day of enjoyment.

Marianna Jones bequeathed a fund to the town of Ipswich for more general purposes. She did not specify any method of using it but left it for the town to use in any way it sees fit. The town accepted this sum of money and now draws the interest on it. If at any time the town should be in need, this endowment could be used if it were so voted.

A fund given for a somewhat different purpose was that given by Mrs. William G. Brown. She wished to prevent cruelty to dumb animals of which many people are guilty. Therefore, she left some money to be used to convict those on trial for cruelty to dumb animals. Although this may be a bequest for a purpose of which many people would never think, it certainly is a very humane bequest and one which can be used for a worthy cause.

From all these funds, therefore, Ipswich has received as gifts a free public library, a high school, two other schools, the provision for a school picnic each year, the opportunity for ambitious boys and girls to further their education, an amount of money for its own use, and the protection of dumb animals. Certainly, these are gifts which add much to the welfare of the town and give our citizens and future citizens many great opportunities. May they show their appreciation

and gratitude by making the most of these opportunities!

NATHANIEL WARD AND HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE MASSACHUSETTS OF TODAY

Mary Brennan

To understand Nathaniel Ward and to have a proper conception of what he contributed to the America of to-day we must observe him with his friends, watch him in his daily work, and glimpse his education and training. Says M. C. Tyler of Nathaniel Ward, "Perhaps no Englishman who came to America brought with him more of the ripeness that is born not only of time and study but of distinguished early associations, extensive travel in foreign lands, and varied professional experience at home."

Born in England, he graduated from Emmanuel College, Cambridge in 1613 and became a barrister in 1615. He practised law for some years but through his natural inclination and his friendship with David Pareus, a theologian of Heidelberg, he entered the ministry at the age of forty and served as Rector of Standon, Massey, Essex for a short time. Very early in his career as a minister he evidenced those characteristics which later led to his excommunication from the church because he refused to conform to some of its practises. After his expulsion he emigrated to America in 1634 and spent the first winter in Ipswich at the home of Governor Winthrop. The next year, having become minister of Ipswich, he built a home of his own located on the east side of the South Common, about opposite the Saltonstall residence.

For Nathaniel Ward the path of life was never an easy one, for his home training and education emphasized the solid virtues which we have come to associate with the Puritans. Unable to disassociate himself from the rigorous rules of his upbringing, he condemned the "Book of Sports" and the practice of bowing at the name of "Jesus." It was this condemnation which led to his excommunication in 1633. In reading the story of his times we find him constantly disapproving of the modes and manner of dress and constantly voicing that disapproval. We see in his refusal to conform to the common practices the evidence of his grim determination to follow the dictates of his conscience. Whether or not we agree with his actions, we must admire his tenacity of purpose in holding to his own honest opinion.

Life was far from kind to Nathaniel Ward and we see him laboring under many handicaps both mental and physical. It is no easy matter for a man of forty suddenly to change his life's work, Yet trained for a lawyer, at forty he finally conceived the purpose of entering the ministry. However a short time afterward he had to face the shame and hardships of excommunication. In another very short period his wife died and he found himself a lonely disillusioned man, faced with the necessity of raising and educating two sons and a daughter. In bitter sorrowful loneliness, despairing of any asylum or field of usefulness in England, in common with many of the Puritans of this time, he turned to the New World. His personal friends were men of culture, refinement, and education. Among them may be numbered Sir Francis Bacon and the Archbishop

Usher and also the famous theologian of Heidelberg, David Pareus. How Nathaniel Ward must have reveled in the intimate conversations and exchange of ideas that came from his friendship with these brilliant men! How he must have missed their friendship after his emigration; for hard indeed was the life of a Cambridge scholar in the depths of this great wilderness.

To add to his burden, after acting as minister of Ipswich for only about three years, his health broke down and he was called upon to give up his chosen work of the ministry. Undaunted by this additional hardship, we find him turning back to his early life, that of the work of a lawyer. As a matter of fact it is during this period rather than during his ministry that he accomplished those things which most influence the civilization of to-day.

The hardships of his career mellowed his point of view and his legal training and experience gave him the necessary equipment to sort out of a bewildering mass of conflicting opinions a law or rule of conduct by which the people of his time could guide their lives. His experience as a minister won for him the respect and admiration of the church-going Puritans. All of these characteristics made him one of the outstanding leaders of his time and he was the most natural one to select to bring order out of chaos and to set down a code of laws known as the "Body of Liberties." This code served as a rule of conduct for the Puritans and practically all the laws are incorporated to-day in the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. No mean accomplishment was this codification of laws for from 1636 to 1641 several attempts had been made to draw up such a code as Nathaniel Ward finally accomplished. I believe this codification of laws to be one of the outstanding contributions which he made to the America of to-day. We find many comments on the "Body of Liberties," both by his contemporaries and later important men. Speaking of the preamble Mr. M. W. F. Poole observes: "This sublime declaration standing at the head of the first code of laws in New England was the production of no common intellect. It has the movement and the grace of a mind like John Milton's or Algernon Sidney's and its theory of government was far in advance of the age. A bold avowal of the rights of man and a plea for popular freedom, it contains the germs of the memorable Declaration of July 4, 1776." Dr. Francis Gray remarks upon the originality of the code: "Although it retains some stray traces of the times it is far in advance of them and in several respects in advance of the Common law of England at this date (1818). It shows that our ancestors instead of deducing their laws from the book of Moses, established at the outset a code of firm principles, which, taken as a whole, for wisdom, equity, and adaptation to the wants of their community, challenge a comparison with any similar production from the Magna Charta to the latest Bill of Rights that has been put forth in Europe or America."

Thus we see that Nathaniel Ward, the first of a long line of ministers in Ipswich, but more well known as the author of the "Body of Liberties" was without doubt responsible for starting many of the reforms and establishing many of the virtues in the lives of our Ipswich ancestors, which have been

handed down to us to-day. We see his rule of life and his splendid conception of the true happiness of life in the Latin inscription over his fireplace: "Sobrie, Juste, Pie" — Sobriety, Justice, and Piety.

THE PURITAN AND THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY

Melvin Haley

The source of English Puritanism is directly traced to John Wyclif and his followers of the fourteenth century. Wyclif was a professor at Oxford and the greatest scholar of his age. His translation of the Bible and tracts of religious doctrine commenced a revolt against religious and political tyranny. A century later we find the work of Wyclif ably carried on by the martyr, Hugh Latimer.

The accession of Elizabeth found the Puritan movement growing into the very foundations of the national life. The transfer of the Naval supremacy of the world was accomplished through the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. Assisting in that memorable victory were the great Puritan sea rovers, Drake, Hawkins, Gilbert, and Cavendish. The voyage of the Mayflower and her successors without this victory might have received the same fate as that of the Hugenots in Florida a short time before.

James I ascended the English throne in 1603, the first of the House of Stuart. He asserted the doctrine of divine right and constantly told Parliament it existed subject to his will. The privileges of Parliament are the very keystone in the long controversy of the English people with the House of Stuart. Charles I succeeded to the throne of his father. He had inherited his father's theories and attempted to rule without Parliament and to compel all to conform to the established church. The Puritans' ideas respecting the government resembled those respecting the government of the church. Puritan divines, for example, courted resistance to tyrants, both temporal and ecclesiastical. Under the direction of William Laud, arch-bishop of Canterbury, every group of non-conformists was hunted and tracked down. A man's house, supposed to be his castle, was not immune from this oppression. Charles I ruled without Parliament from 1629 - 1640, the period of the great Puritan migration to Massachusetts.

The overthrow of the English crown marked the ending of a long struggle against religious and political persecution. The people in this great movement found their champion in Oliver Cromwell. The moral and political issues involved were of world-wide importance. Of especial significance is the fate of those who espoused the cause of liberty on the continent of Europe. The victories of Cromwell at Marston Moor and Naseby are prophetic landmarks. The study of English institutions in the following century gave rise to the works of Rousseau and Voltaire, and with it the French Revolution.

The same year that Charles I began to govern without a Parliament, he granted a charter to the Company of Massachusetts Bay. Migration to the New World was the only escape from a condition that had become desperate for those early founders of our Commonwealth. While some preferred to remain in England and resist to the last, others were willing to hazard their lives and fortunes in the establishment

of a New England on these shores.

Roger Conant had already founded a colony at Cape Ann in 1624. A short time later he had moved to Naumkeag, now Salem. John Endicott arrived at Salem in 1628 and was appointed governor. The settlement of Salem by the "Old Planters" with Conant as leader and the coming of Endicott a few years later made way for the historic migration of John Winthrop in 1630.

The organization of the company of the Massachusetts Bay was accomplished by experienced statesmen. John Winthrop was the master spirit of the company and enjoys the great honor of being the first governor chosen by the freemen of the colony. Associated with Winthrop were Thomas Dudley the deputy governor, Simon Bradstreet, and Sir Richard Saltonstall, men of honor, influence, and ability. The embarkation of Governor Winthrop and his company in 1630 started a great Puritan movement towards these shores. About one thousand people arrived in the Bay and at Plymouth in 1630. A few settlements had already been established within the limits of the Massachusetts Bay, Salem being the largest. The fact that one in five died the first winter bears the mute testimonial of the hardships and suffering incident to settlement.

Less than three years from the time the "Arbella" dropped anchor in Salem harbor John Winthrop, Jr. son of the governor, began the settlement of Ipswich. Under his leadership we trace from the beginning the importance of Ipswich in the affairs of the colony. Rev. Nathaniel Ward was one of the early settlers of Ipswich, a graduate of Cambridge University, a lawyer in his early years, a friend of Sir Francis Bacon, and by extensive travel and varied experiences fitted above all others for that great exposition of Puritan polity which he compiled at the request of the colony, a Magna Charta in the New England wilderness known as the "Body of Liberties." Governor Francis Dudley removed to Ipswich in 1635. He was soon followed by Simon Bradstreet, later a governor, and his wife Anne who was the first to write poetry worthy of the name in the colonies. There were others of distinguished parts attracted to Ipswich. Mention may be made of the Rev. John Norton, Deputy-Governor Simonds, Richard Saltonstall, and Samuel Appleton whose farm has passed down through successive generations for more than three hundred years. The influence of Ipswich in the affairs of the colony was second only to that of Boston.

The ship "John" arrived at Boston in 1638 bringing the Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, one time rector of St. Peter's Church at Rowley in old England. Rogers was graduated from Cambridge soon after the noted Ward of Ipswich, and was suspended from the ministry for nonconfomity. With fifty-nine heads of families he settled the town of Rowley in the spring of 1639. The original grant of Rogers and his company extended from the ocean to the Merrimac river, where the city of Haverhill now stands. The first printing press in America came in the same vessel with Rogers and its first work was the printing of the Freemans' Oath. The ancient records of Ipswich and Rowley disclose the very lively concern of the early settlers over the establishment of Common Schools. The most celebrated teacher of the seventeenth century, Ezekiel Cheever,

taught the grammar school in Ipswich for more than ten years. Harvard College was created by the General Court in 1636, "that the commonwealth may be furnished with knowing and understanding men, and the churches with an able ministry." For nearly fifty years over half the graduates of Harvard entered the ministry.

The confederacy of 1643 is an important event in the history of New England. Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven united in a league to defend themselves against the Indians, the French, and the Dutch. For forty years this union lasted and its results may be seen in the North American Confederacy a century later and in the constitutional development of our country.

With the restoration of the House of Stuart another cloud darkened the New England sky, the inevitable conflict with the Indians. In King Philip's war twelve out of ninety towns were laid in ashes, six-hundred buildings destroyed, and one hundred thousand pounds of colonial money expended. The historian of the Indian wars, the Rev. William Hubbard of Ipswich, has left us the story of General Dennison, the commander-in-chief of the colonial forces, of Major Samuel Appleton who was especially active, and of Captain Brocklebank of Rowley who with his entire command was drawn into ambush at Sudbury and killed in the last real fight of the war.

The appointment of Sir Edmund Andros as governor of all the colonies and his arrival at Boston were the scenes of great consternation. He suspended charters, assumed legislative powers, and levied taxes. His actions brought open insurrections and ended only with the Revolution in England and the accession of William and Mary to the throne. William Phipps, a native of New England, was inaugurated first governor under the new charter. In later years his nephew, Spencer Phipps, who was born in Rowley became governor.

Someone has said, "The progress of liberty is like the advance of a tide. When its highest wave is reached it breaks and falls away, and appears to have spent itself, but the never changing ocean keeps what it gains, renews it strength, and advances once more."

The great day of the Puritans who settled America was followed by the rule of Charles II, a pensioner of France, and James II. But the principles of Cromwell came to the front with William and Mary. This reign gave way to the corruption of the House of Hanover, but liberty triumphed through the voice of Pitt and the victory of Wolfe at Quebec.

Pitt in turn gave way to North and the despots of the Stamp Act and the loss of the colonies. But liberty was not dead nor sleeping in the subsequent triumphof the Reform Bill, the rights of juries, and Catholic Emancipation.

It has been the same in our country. The period following the Revolution brought the season of broken trusts, divided counsels, and national weakness. But in all history mankind has not been free from errors and any nation however intelligent has not been exempt. There is as little in the annals of our history that needs an apology as there is in those of any people of recorded times. Liberty from the outset was sacredly cherished as the greatest of all blessings, popular rights were

jealously guarded, and an active resistance to oppression was never lacking.

The influence which the New World has exerted on the Old, the problems that have been wrought out, the advancement which has been made in all the liberal arts and sciences, especially in the development of a broader conception of the problems of spiritual interests, are monuments to the memory of the Puritans who settled our country in the cause of liberty.

CLASS DAY PARTS

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1930

Herbert Bowen

In the fall of 1926, we, the class of 1930, entered upon our career in Manning High School as freshmen. It was a beautiful fall morning when we climbed the back stairs amid the cheering of the so-called upper classmen. In due time we reached what is properly known as the "attic." We were met there by Mrs. Lord and Miss Stone who kindly helped us find our seats and get acquainted with our class mates from Rowley. Of course, we went through the usual routine of initiation but I regret to say it isn't what it used to be.

We had been in school about a week when Mr. Whipple told us we might hold a classmeeting and elect our officers. They were as follows: President, Kenneth MacLeod; vice president, Sumner Raymond; secretary, Herbert Bowen; treasurer, Burton Varney.

Now that we were duly established members of the school, we were allowed to hold a social. A committee was elected and under the direction of Lillian Newman, a very successful social was held. We are very proud of the fact that the old stand-by "seven in and seven out" was elimated from the games.

We ranked very high in athletics this year, especially with "Pansy" Munroe who defeated "Fit" Sheppard in the mile run. "Brick" MacGregor also deserves much credit for his outstanding work in hockey.

The end of the year was drawing near and some of us began to worry about the results of the year's' work, but our minds were set at rest when we attended last chapel and heard our names read among those to be sophomores.

The second year we were allowed to sit across the hall from the dignified and lofty seniors and were quite proud of the fact. It was also an honor to be let out of exile from the "attic." We soon held our classmeeting and the following officers were elected: President, Paul Callahan; vice president, Harry Munroe; secretary, Arthur Cole; treasurer, Burton Varney.

In October the dreaded disease infantile paralysis came to pay us a visit and schools were closed for a period of five weeks. The enforced vacation held us back in our school work and also in our social activities.

It was during this year, however, that Mr. Tozer, the director of music in school, started to organize a band to be composed of members of the two lower classes, which therefore included the present senior class.

We worried through the sophomore year and if we were lucky, we discovered at last chapel that we were to be juniors and upperclassmen. Maybe we didn't feel big and important!

After a short summer vacation

the junior year was at hand and we began to take on new dignity and feel like permanent fixtures in the high school. Our annual classmeeting was held and the following people were elected: President, Kenneth MacLeod; vice president, Melvin Haley; secretary, Herbert Bowen; treasurer, Edward Dolan.

Just before Christmas we held a play for the school assembly. It was conscientiously prepared by the cast but nearly ended fatally when our class chauffeur, "Art" Cole, while furnishing transportation for some of the actors, turned turtle in Rowley and slightly injured three of the cast beside himself.

In October the instruments for the band had arrived and the boys began to take lessons and learn to play them. They progressed with their rehearsing until May 29, 1929 when they made their first public appearance in their new uniforms of blue and orange capes and white hats and trousers. You could see the boys felt quite proud of themselves and they were not the only ones. In fact the whole school was proud of them. The band also played at the graduation exercises of 1929 and added much to the spirit and enthusiasm of the football games last fall. On November 8, 1929 when patriotic exercises were held in the town hall, Edith Richardson first acted as drum major for the band and contributed largely to its creditable appearance. The school owes much to the Rotary Club who made this band possible.

Soon after the Christmas assembly, committees were elected and preparations for the prom were in full swing. On the eighteenth of January we all gathered at the town hall to dance our feet off. Much credit is due Arthur Cole for his artistic decorating of the hall. The prom was a success in every way.

The rest of the year was uneventful except for having a social and getting our class rings of which we were very proud.

June came along at last and we were to be seniors. Ah! Mighty seniors, the lords of the high school. It was with this feeling that we passed into the senior room where we soon learned that we were not as mighty as we felt.

At an early date we held a classmeeting and elected Melvin Haley, a Rowley boy, president; with Paul Callahan, vice president; Samuel Koffman, secretary; and Edward Dolan, treasurer. I should like to call to your attention at this point the fact that there has been no office held by a girl during our career. Although we have no prejudice, of course, against the fairer sex, still we offer with some temerity the suggestion that this fact may account for the capable and harmonious management of class affairs.

At Thanksgiving time of the present school year the seniors gave a short play in assembly. The play demanded a turkey on a table and thanks to the costumes made by Mary Stone and an efficient corps of workers, the turkey, composed of some small (?) members of the class, e. g. Callahan, Koffman, Raymond, Mary Henderson, Virginia Smith, and others, appeared quite realistic. Rehearsals were painful for all concerned, but fortunately groans and squeals were controlled during the actual performance.

Without a doubt you all know what the next big event of the year was—the senior play where Raymond played the part of a perfect lover and liar. "Pee Wee" in black

wig and mustache appeared extremely vicious for a little fellow. Patch, the mischief maker in the corner, was certainly a hit in the part of a bishop, and as for chorus girls, Mary Brennan and Flora Rust took the prize. Even bashful George Hall, our little freshman chaser, turned out O. K.

Ah! The big event arrived at last. We were to have our pictures taken. What an event it was! The girls came to school all primped up, and the boys, all hoping to look like John Barrymore, posed with that he-man expression. When the pictures arrived, there was much sighing and groaning amid the war cry of "Got a picture of me?" Although the pictures were taken, we see by the advertisement in "The Tiger" that the Purdy Studio is still doing business.

Near the last of April of this present school year the juniors gave the seniors a farewell dance with music furnished by the school orchestra. The hall was prettily decorated in the senior class colors and they had also made attractive dance orders for the occasion. It was a successful affair and the seniors take this opportunity to thank the juniors for a very good time.

This was the last real event for us as seniors until graduation and we began to realize that our school days in Manning High were about over. We regretted this as we realized that we were leaving behind us the happiest days of our life.

The last few weeks were busy but happy ones and we are glad they were because it took our thoughts away from leaving Manning High School which had sheltered us for four long years and furnished us with many happy memories.

GIFTS TO GIRLS

Sumner Raymond

A short time ago, realizing that graduation was drawing near, I set to thinking what I should present as gifts to the girls of the class of 1930. But think as I might, I could arrive at no definite conclusions. Days passed and still I had no gifts. I was becoming very anxious. As you see I have them all at present I did not get them, however, through my own ingenuity, but in another strange and almost unbelievable manner. This is my story.

This fine summer weather which we have been having of late aroused within me a feeling of uneasiness. I wanted to get out into the wide open spaces. I decided to go camping. So I took my tent and other camping paraphernalia and one evening strolled to the top of Heartbreak Hill. Just as the beautiful sun was sinking into the west, I forgot all my troubles and gazed at the glorious sunset. Never before had I realized what love I had for the grandness of nature.

At length I pitched my tent and was about to retire when I noticed to my great disappointment that the atmosphere had changed. The golden rays of the sun no longer lit up the heavens but in their place were dark overhanging clouds, swept along by a stiff wind which sent little shivers running up and down my back. A storm was approaching.

Soon I could hear the raindrops pattering on the leaky roof of my tent, which was being hurled back and forth by the fierce wind. Strange to say the grandness of nature and the wide open spaces had lost all attraction for me. To make the situation more uncomfortable, I

had no door on my tent and at times I was almost certain that I saw strange shapes and forms flitting about among the trees. I was not at all frightened but was becoming rather lonesome. At length I dropped off to sleep with thoughts of ghosts and spirits still lingering in my mind .

I do not know how long I had slept when I was awakened by a low moaning outside my tent. At first I thought it might be the wind but as it continued I knew it must be something worse. At length I gained courage and demanded in a hoarse whisper, "Who goes there, friend or foe?" In response to my question a strange form appeared at the doorway and seemed to float rather than to walk up to my bedside. For a moment I was petrified.

At length the figure spoke, saying, "I am the spirit of Heartbreak Hill who has come to help you with the gifts for the girls of the class of '30."

Immediately I thought of the beautiful Indian maiden who, years ago had been so heart-broken on a rock not far away. I was beginning to feel more comfortable. But as the moon came out from behind a black cloud and I was able to see the person before me, I was greatly disappointed to find that she was not beautiful at all, but a bent, wrinkled faced, old woman who grinned down upon me.

The creature interrupted my thoughts and said, "I come directly from the dark lower world and I am intimately acquainted with all the girls of your class. I will tell you suitable gifts for them."

I was much surprised that one from the dark lower world, where the wild and wayward spirts dwell, should know anything about the girls of my class but nevertheless I gave her the names of the girls and this is what she told me.

"To Phyllis McCormick, the fierce man-hater of your class, you should give this strong shield, that she may protect herself from Cupid's piercing arrows.

To Althea Frazier, this garage man who will change her tires for her should she ever be without her "Jack."

To Helen Bemis, this pair of bracelets that she may never separate herself from her friend, Virginia Smith.

To Kathryn Sheehan, this medicine chest so that when she feels ill, she may have a certain "Herb" to comfort and cure her.

To Thelma MacKenny, who has attained some fame as a vocal soloist this pitch pipe that she may always get the right pitch.

To Virginia Scahill these lemons should she ever get tired of "Pickle."

To Irma Conant, who has such a soft sweet voice this loud speaker that she may make herself heard.

To Ruth Bailey, your class musician ,this grand piano.

To Elsie Watson, this little wax fish that she may always remember her happy days with another in Gloucester.

To Dorothea Scahill, a powerful hunting rifle to remind her of her good times among the "Wiles."

To Virgina Smith, your class vamp, this make-up kit that she may always be an attraction for the men.

To Edith Richardson, this megaphone as a token of remembrance of her days as cheer leader for the teams of Manning High.

To Mary Henderson, who has frequently borrowed her lunch from Todd, a box full of cheese niblets,

that she may never go hungry.

To Mary Stone, this camera so that she may take snapshots of her boy friends, thus obviating the necessity of buying a picture of a whole team in order to get one of a particular boy.

To Hope Claxton, who is famed as a lover in your class, this milk pail, so that she may learn the ways of the farm in preparation for a life as a farmer's wife.

To Marion Saltzberg, this pair of non-breakable glasses for use if she should ever want to play girls' basketball again.

To Margaret MacLean, Rufina Pollard, Laureen Phelan, and Helen Lampropoulos who are all such quiet girls, these rather clamorous instruments with which they may form a kitchen orchestra.

To Phyllis Pickard, this little boat in which she may go sailing with Captain Howe.

To Helen Foster, who is quite an authority on jazz music, this fish-horn with which she may join our jazz orchestra.

To Flora Rust, this fine horse, with the advice, "Never give up the Chase."

To Charlotte Cuik, this basket and ball to serve as a reminder of her happy days in basketball.

To Phyllis Haggerty, an umbrella to use when the weather is "Cloudy."

To Marietta Scotton, who writes such musical poems about flowers, trees and brooks, this bull-frog whose melodies will certainly inspire her to verse.

To Gretchen Lovell, this nurse's uniform in which she may be a great help to a certain medical student.

To Kathleen Morphew, this fine coal hod in which she may carry her "Pete."

To Ethel Galanis, this beautiful harp that she may hold the title of class saint undisputed and add to her saintly accomplishments.

To Mary Brennan, your class infant, this bottle of Mellin's Food for healthy babies."

It was then that the old creature's voice died away. I looked around and found that she was nowhere to be seen. I should have preferred to thank her but now that she was gone, what did I care? I had my gifts, and besides she wasn't the beautiful Indian maiden anyway.

GIFTS FOR BOYS

Mary Stone

When drifting down the river in my canoe so fast
And building castles in the air which surely could not last,
Wondering and thinking of some gifts for senior boys.
I was suddenly brought back to earth by a loud and startling noise.

I had bumped into a pirate ship and there was Captain Kidd.
He gave me this old sea chest and nailed down the lid.
The contents were surprising; there was nothing else to do
But to take the gifts safely home and present them now to you.

Pee Wee Dolan, our baby boy and also our class pest,
To steal your lunch he'll try his very, very best.
This pair of kiddy rompers for him was surely meant,
And by bold Captain Kidd and his pirates sent.

Sammy Koffman is our famous class clown.
At the National he works and weighs by the pound.
This hat we give him and hope that it fits;
So, Sammy, be careful and guard your wits.

To Leonard Phelan who we can plainly see
Just hopes and hopes for his "Hope" to agree,
We'll give this chest which is made of tin
In hopes that he'll keep his gentle "Hope" in.

Arthur Cole lives on the outskirts of the town.
For him we have candy to eat when homeward bound,
And think of the girl who sold him candy
Who in his estimation, is certainly dandy.

Kenneth MacLeod is the next one to treat.
This taxi we'll give him, 'cause he can't be beat.
Over the road to Boston or any old place
He'll be sure to take you with a very good grace.

Herbie Bowen, alas! is our bold class sheik,
And for admiring lady friends he hasn't far to seek,
But a certain cashier in a grocery store really takes his eye;
So if I give him this cash register, he'll know the reason why.

Melvin Haley's our president and class orator too.
To him the praise of all his classmates is due.
In order that he may always large audiences reach
We hand him this silver polish, an aid to silvery speech.

Freddie Pickard is our able soda clerk.
At playing football he is never known to shirk.
We give to him this airplane to glide through the air.
It's not far to "Virginia" if the weather is fair.

Joseph Patch is a quiet lad, serious, and sedate.
This golden crown he wins when it comes to a debate.
He cares not for airplanes, 'tis not of them he sings;
His aim is much higher, he admires the "Kings."

Jarvis Appleton is another of our favorite classmates,
We give him this trap for old time's sake,
For he is our trapper and loves to roam
Though we find him quite often next door to his home.

To Sumner Raymond, the handsomest boy in our class
We give this vanity case and hope it will last
For directions he needs none, he has seen them before.
If you don't believe it, ask the girls in Room Four.

Joe Saroka, our class woman hater is he.
We give him this bull-dog as fierce as can be.
Carry him with you where ever you go
So the ladies won't harm you and bother you so.

Vassilios Ahladas though liked by his class,
Sometimes gets angry when they tease him, alas!
To prevent him from being too angry a male
We'll give him a bottle of cool ginger ale.

Chan Todd comes next and we give him "two guns,"
For this is the nickname we call him in fun.
His dreams are of cowboys and the wild woolly west.
Bears, buffaloes, and Indians he'll pursue with much zest.

Edward Perry is a lover of music, they say,
And we give him this flute to play every day.
We hope he can use it and will give it good care,
And think of us often, while playing music so rare.

Paul Callahan, our vice president, loves Fords, you see
So here's a garage which will hold two or three.
His "Ford" is quite different, but here I must hush,
For if I say any more, I shall cause him to blush.

George Hall goes to Rowley which isn't very far;
So to accompany him on his travels, here's a small guitar.
He'll surely serenade her with a warm and tender strain
And will play, "Who Is Sylvia?" for his constant refrain.

Russell Czyryca comes next and class artist we see.
For him we have paints and all will agree
Painting landscapes or ladies he's right there with the brush.
We'll wish him success in life's hurry and rush.

Joe Sikora is shy and bashful, it seems.
We'll give him this sled to go coasting in dreams,
Because we know that he loved it last winter with "Bee."
So this is a constant reminder, you see.

Brick McGregor who though he's a high jumper
Cannot jump fences without a bumper.
Here's a pair of pants with a reinforced lining
For which we're quite sure there'll be no undermining.

I think Captain Kidd has remembered you all
And you'll cherish these gifts both large and small.
For I know you'll admit that the Captain's been kind
And now I'll retire, if you're sure you don't mind.

CLASS PROPHECY

Edith Richardson & Paul Callahan

Scene—Abode of crystal gazer in New York

Time—1945

Edith—Sit down, young man, and tell me what I can do for you.
Paul—I am in financial difficulties and I contemplate putting all I own in some stocks. I wish to know whether or not this would be a wise move.
Edith—I see. Your name, please?
Paul—Callahan. Paul Callahan, the broker.

Edith—Why, Click! How are you?

Paul—Huh - What?

Edith—Don't you know me? Edith Richardson? I graduated in your class.

Paul—Oh - now I remember. Sure enough, but what are you doing in that outfit?

Edith—Well, you see, I've been touring the country with Gorboduc, my Ford, and he met with a sad fate, and this is the easiest way to earn my way home. What are you doing?

Paul—I'm playing the market. I've just been to Chicago on business. I was nearly held up by a robber with two guns, but it turned out all right for the robber pocketed his weapons and I found myself shaking hands with "Two Gun" Todd. I happened to be looking for a good publishing house and he directed me to Irma Conant's. She did so much typing for "The Cub" that she makes quite a competent publisher. She has just put out Sumner Raymond's complete, unabridged dictionary.

Edith—Well, I rather expected to see the hero of our senior play do something more daring, but then he was always waxing eloquent. He must have learned to spell, however.

Paul—He has done something more daring. He has a whole army of Frenchmen after him because he has revolutionized their language by the publishing of the "Raymond Pronunciation" based on his original ideas exhibited in high school. Irma printed that along with Margaret McLean's pamphlet "How to Live on a Farm and Keep Thin." She writes from personal experience. Laureen Phelan was a great friend of hers, wasn't she? What's she doing?

Edith—I don't know but we can soon find out if you'll sit very quietly. There—what's that? A ranch and there's Laureen riding a bucking broncho. See Lennie—he's getting a great laugh out of it. I'll bet she's having some time keeping him down on the farm. What else did Irma have to say?

Paul—Well, you must remember how Virginia Smith used to amuse the high school bunch with her stories. The freshmen swallowed them all whole. Now Irma has published Virginia's book of fairy-tales—but there, I've talked too much. Tell me about yourself.

Edith—Oh, Gorboduc and I started for the south several years ago and ended up at Ruth Bailey's studio in Hollywood. She's training voices for the talkies. While Gorboduc and I were imposing upon Ruth's hospitality, Gretchen Lovell came over to see us. She's picking "Guys" for extras and if she handles this as well as she did our senior play money, her future is made. Of course, you've heard of Jarvis Appleton's success as a movie hero?

Paul—Yes, I've seen several pictures in which he has starred.

Edith—I saw him in person. He's as good looking as ever but not as girl shy. But to get on with my story. I spent the following summer in the Maine woods. Russell Czyryca was my nearest neighbor. He's playing hermit up there to avoid the women. He has a long beard and seems quite contented. Marietta Scotton was only twenty miles away from me, and she stays up there among the

birds and trees writing inspirational poetry and living in hopes that some day she'll write something worthy of publication. In the fall when Gorboduc and I got to Portland we got caught in a dreadful thunder shower. We ran to the nearest hotel. Even a forbidding sign "Bachelors' Quarters" didn't keep us out. We were greeted at the door by Hope Claxton. I suppose I should have been surprised but—I wasn't, for she always was partial to oldish men. She kept us for the night and when she served breakfast the next morning, who should walk into the dining room but Ahladas, Hope's star boarder.

Paul—Hope's side-kick, Marion Saltzberg, is an oculist here. She has invented a new kind of unbreakable glass which she sells exclusively to athletes. Mary Stone and Mary Brennan are also in business here. They run a "Brownie" shop. When I'm very hungry, I go in there and get fed up on "Brownies" just as I used to in my high school days. Ethel Galanis and Helen Lampropoulos, those quiet. reserved, young ladies, are running one of the wildest night clubs in New York. It's wicked. I visit it quite often. She said she had seen Flora Rust and Phyllis McCormack, but she didn't say what they were doing.

Edith—Let's find out. That would be fun. Sit still now. Look—there's a lot of chorus girls beside a sign. What does it say?

Paul—Ziegfeld Follies of 1945. Featuring Flora Rust and Phyllis McCormack.

Edith—Yes, and there they are. Right in the front line. Phyllis is one high stepping chorus girl, isn't she? I suppose Flora got her training from the senior play. I forgot to tell you that I got stuck in Rowley on my way north. Gorboduc had a severe heart attack right in front of a hydrant. A policeman told me to move along but the poor Ford just couldn't. I gazed heavenward for aid and there above me loomed a big sign. "Foster, Pollard, and Pickard, Infants' Shoes." From a window just below the sign three very familiar faces bobbed. After subduing their laughter, I got them to help me take Gorboduc to the infirmary which Joe Patch is running there. He has taxis for his "King" on the side line. I stayed for a week with the shoe manufacturers while Joe nailed Gorboduc's tin together again. They told me that there was method in their madness. They manufacture shoes for the purpose of getting them small enough for themselves.

Paul—Thelma MacKenney was a friend of Helen Foster's wasn't she?

Edith—Yes.

Paul—Well, she's running a school of Physical Education here. Just the elite are admitted, of course. I had occasion to visit her only last week. She said that she had seen Phyllis Haggerty. Phyllis was in town replenishing her wardrobe. She is still waiting for her Dummer man to graduate and when he does, I guess we can all anticipate an invitation to her wedding. She does some writing, I believe, during her days of waiting.

Edith—I don't suppose Kenneth MacLeod minds if that Dummer man never graduates, does he?

Paul—No, I suppose not. He's running a private taxi line. He did

so much "taxi-ing" during his high school career that he's quite an efficient driver. He visits a certain "Brownie" shop quite often. I've seen him there.

Edith—I suppose you're voting for Haley this week, aren't you? He's running for senator, you know.

Paul—How well I know it! I got a long distance call from him last week. He wanted me to come to him at once. The call was so urgent that I feared he might be dying. I took the fastest dirigible obtainable to get to Philadelphia and see him. In the course of the trip the captain came around and spoke to his passengers, but I was the only one who recognized him. It was Fred Pickard in person. He's piloting the craft and likes his work but then he always was air minded. He dropped me on Haley's front lawn and I rushed in expecting to find "Mevy" signing his will. What a blow! He's running for senator and only wanted financial aid. He has made quite a name for himself going about the country gathering statistics—for Raymond's benefit probably. Charlotte Cuik is helping him out,—making campaign speeches, etc. in his behalf. She is quite influential in political circles. You see what we all might have been if we'd been as attentive as she in economics classes.

Edith—What's that you have there?

Paul—Oh, that's a book I just bought from Helen Bemis. She's a book agent, you know.

Edith—I didn't know, but it's a good job for her. She always had a good line.

Paul—Well, she had only to roll her big brown eyes at me and I said, "Sold." I believe she intends marrying her Rowley farmer soon. It's getting late. Let's go to the "Brownie" shop and eat.

Edith—I will if they serve clams. I like them. They always remind me of home.

Paul—Let's go then. Perhaps we'll get some that "Brick" MacGregor dug.

Edith—Is he still clamming?

Paul—Yes, but not all the time. He works hard at Clamming all summer and lives the life of a prince in the city in the winter time.

Edith—Rather a changeable life. What's my old pal on the cheering squad doing?

Paul—Who? Dot Scahill?

Edith—Yes.

Paul—I don't know.

Edith—Well, if you won't move, perhaps we can find out. Concentrate hard now. See—there's a taxi. It's traveling pretty fast. Who's that driving? Wait, it's coming nearer. Why, it's Dot Scahill. She was keen about driving cars in high school. Who's that in the back seat? Her sister, I'll bet. Yes, it's Virginia. They're still sticking together.

Paul—Of course, you went to the fire last night.

Edith—No, I didn't. I heard the alarm, but I'm not well enough acquainted with the town to go about much. Where was it?

Paul—Well, Virginia Scahill was the cause of it. She has an apartment and laboratory in one of the sky scrapers. It seems she's trying to find a shade of red that will go with her hair, and in the midst of her experiments last night the whole thing blew up. A number of our classmates were involved. People ran here, there, and everywhere in their pajamas.

Two young men, clinging to each other, came to me and asked for my overcoat and I handed it over to Saroka and Sikora. They're playing together just as they did on our football team so many years ago. They're both mechanics and they lived on the ninety-ninth floor of this sky scraper to avoid women. They were humiliated to death standing, pajama clad, before that crowd. Kay Morphew suffered severely from that fire, too. She's a coal merchant and she had an office on the ground floor of the burned building. She specializes, of course, in "Peat." She lost all she had stored there—but she still has a little "Pete" left. Tell me, how did you get here?

Edith—Well, you see, Gorboduc and I started for home in the early fall so as to get there before winter came upon us, but a circus was our doom. A large sign on a tent, "Join the Crowd and Hear the Sympathy Orchestra" so reminded me of my high school days that I sold Gorboduc's spare shoe and went in. There, leading the Sympathy Orchestra was Edward Perry, and on a big pole Sammy Koffman, most effective in his clown suit, was doing all sorts of stunts. In the midst of a ring of "Cubs" and "Tigers", cracking her whip and shouting at her animals, was Mary Henderson.

Paul—Well, I rather expected our class clown to continue to clown but I must confess that I expected bigger things from Mary.

Edith—As she later said she had grown so accustomed to looking after "Cubs" and Tigers" in her high school days that she has taken to training them. I saw them all after the performance and they gave me a cheery send-off. Before I got as far as the entrance a squad of elephants, stampeding furiously, came upon us. Tin rained everywhere and then a sudden calm. I wakened to find myself in a hospital with Kay Sheehan, the head nurse, bending over me, extracting tin, while Elsie Watson, her assistant, held smelling salts suffocatingly close to my nostrils, and doctors swarmed everywhere.

Paul—Were you badly hurt?

Edith—Oh, I was quite well after two weeks there and all ready to sue the circus company. I looked up George Hall who is practicing law but found that he specialized in wills and so, I bequeathed Gorboduc's remains to the junk heap. Of course, the document was not as elaborate as our class will, but it took all of Hall's cleverness to convince me that this was the right thing to do with all that tin I loved to touch. I wept for a week over Gorboduc's grave and then set out to walk home. Once on the broad highway a chauffeur driving a Rolls Royce stopped and asked me if I didn't want a lift. Not wishing to hurt his feelings I got in and found myself face to face with "Herbie" Bowen. He is a prosperous business man. He bought up all the First National Stores and is doing quite well. He dropped me in New York and here I am.

Paul—Where's "Art" Cole, Herbie's old pal?

Edith—Oh! I've met him in every place I've stopped at. He came in mighty handy when there was something wrong with Gorboduc. When he's not following me, he

runs a school of dancing in New York.

Paul—By the way, Pee Wee Dolan was asking for you the other day. He came on from Detroit on business. He's manufacturing stilts so that other mortals will not have to be handicapped by height. It was always his ambition to become a man. He told me that he had seen Althea Frazier in Detroit. She went there to buy a new Ford and Henry threw a "Jack" in with it. Why—here it is 5 o'clock and I've got to meet Haley at 5:30 to talk over his financial difficulties. I really must go, but I'll see you again. Don't bluff too many people now.

Edith—Well, this has been an interesting afternoon. We must go to Ethel's club soon. Good day and oh, Paul, I wouldn't worry too much about those stocks.

CLASS WILL OF 1930

George Hall

Be it remembered that We, the Class of 1930 of Ipswich in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges we bequeath and devise as follows:

To the Faculty

Item: The necessary equipment to convert the fire escape into a clasroom annex to an overcrowded building.

Item: A vault in which to deposit the vast number of slips that are issued.

Item: A pupil secretary to take charge of correctly filing said slips. With a little practice Ross may qualify.

Item: Electric heating pads to be of especial service on Monday mornings when the heat is slow in coming.

To The Pupils of M. H. S.

Item: Our hope that they may enter a new high school before they all leave.

Item: An assistant to the janitor so that pupils may be relieved of janitor service.

Item: To the physics class, the necessary equipment with which to register the number of vibrations the fire escape makes when in use.

To the Freshmen

Item: The privilege of being sophomores and of descending from their lofty position in the "attic."

Item: The privilege of participating in the ancient and mysterious rites of initiation.

Item: The feeling of amused superioty when they seen next year's freshmen get lost.

To The Sophomores

Item: The privilege of becoming upper classmen and assuming the airs of such.

Item: The right to hold a "Prom" and may they have to borrow senior boys to fill up their ranks in the grand march.

Item: The privilege of choosing class colors. We suggest orange and red to remind the rest of the pupils of the brightnees of their class.

To The Juniors

Item: The dignity and respect befitting their advance station in life.

Item: The privilege of seeing that the freshmen are made thoroughly familiar with the "customs" of the school.

Item: Individual dustpans and

brooms to speed up dismissal at at noon.

To Joseph Adamowicz, who is our violin master, the privilege of leading the orchestra next term.

To Manuel Alexopolos, the privilege of keeping Miss Streeter's boards cleans in Senior Math.

To Winifred Austin, a prayer book that she may do justice to her "Lord."

To Ruth Beals, the honor of continuing as school artist.

To Helen Brown, an engine to make her typewriter go faster.

To Helen Callahan, the song entitled "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

To Fabian Ciolek, the office of band leader for 1930-1931.

To Walter Comeau, a ticket to Richmond where he may be with his Virginia.

To Frank Cook, his fare to Africa where he may roam with the "Savages."

To Boleslaw Cynkus, a great lover of children, a bow and arrow so that he may play Indians with his young friends.

To Freda Dodge, a book on "How to be a good 'Cook.' "

To Elmer Dunbar, the book entitled "Why Girls Leave Home."

To Gladys Durham, the duty of taking care of the high school's pet "Tiger" and "Cub."

To George Dziadose, who is the clown in Math, a pair of handcuffs to keep him out of mischief.

To Stacia Egounis, a boat so she may keep in close touch with her Jolly Roger.

To Norman Ewing, the privilege of washing the boards in Room IV.

To Ruth Flewelling, a few additional inches in height so that she won't have to stand on tiptoe to drop the basketball in for a goal.

To Marion Ford, a set of castinettes so she won't miss her "Click."

To Ruth Gillis, another name, that she will not be taken for the notorious "Bossy."

To Harriette Glover, a set of tools to be kept at school to prevent overloading herself by bringing such implements from home.

To Harriet Goodhue, one large meal with which we hope she gets her "Phil."

To Frank Goverek, a pair of long pants, to be used at graduation, to replace his short ones.

To Arthur Grover, a camping outfit with which he may go camping this summer and return to tell his classmates more of his thrilling experiences.

To Helen Hebb, a lasso with which she may become a good "Roper."

To Marion Henley, our hope that she will continue her good work as basketball captain.

To Atherton Howe, our football captain, our best wishes for a victorious season.

To Anthony Jedry, our hope that he will keep up his work and retain the title of "Beau Brummel."

To Elbert Kent, the song entitled "That Big Man From the South."

To Francis Kitchen, a scientific treatise telling how to distinguish between pickled alligators and an appendix.

To Josephine Kozeneska, a pair of iron soled shoes to save her leather when walking home.

To Ralph Ladd, a set of four wheel hydraulic brakes for him when he talks.

To Irene Lampropoulos and Sarah Torpey, adjacent seats in Room IV that they may continue to converse quietly and undisturbed.

To Elsie Lang, the necessary

funds to build a Children's Home of which she will be head.

To Robert Lord, who has such husky ways, the honor of being class caveman.

To Frank Machaj. our hope that he will continue his good work in basketball next year.

To Alma Manzer, a private supply of absence slips to avoid embarrassment in the office.

To Richard Mason, a cottage in Nahant where he may thoroughly enjoy the summer months.

To Angus McLeod, a red cap to remind him of his "Porter."

To Henry Minichiello and Muriel Riley, each an airplane to shorten the distance between their homes and the school.

To Harry Munro, the title of class sheik.

To Sophia Murdza and Gilda Orsini, a chain that they may never be separated.

To John Patch, his brother's corner seat in Room IV.

To Eleanor Peabody, a bell to wear around her neck so that she may make her presence known.

To Eleanor Poirier, whose voice is so quiet, a package of cough drops to help bring it up to normal.

To Gordon Player, a small cabin in some secluded spot where he will be sure no girls will bother him.

To Roger Raymond, the privilege of joining the Fox Fur Trappers in the northern woods.

To John Rhodes, a few dancing lessons before he causes the girls any more agony.

To Barbara Robishaw, a future in baseball. May she emulate in this sport her sister's success in basketball.

To Joseph Ross, the bad boy's front seat in Room IV vacated by Raymond.

To Rena Samatas, a hair net to keep her curls from interfering with her work.

To Vera Scotton, a dictionary published at the expense of the school to explain the many peculiar words and phrases she uses.

To Virginia Scotton, our hope that she will keep up the family's reputation and be Class Poet.

To Vinson Sheppard, his carfare to the wide open spaces of the west where he may fulfill his ambitions to be a cowboy.

To Catherine Sojka, a suit of boys' clothes and the nickname "Tom."

To Webster Stone, the position as instructor of baseball in the kindergarten.

To Howard Stultz, a large piece of rope to tie him in place when reciting in class.

To Norma Tozer, a history emphasizing the importance of the "Norman" conquest.

To John Wegzyn ,a school bag to remind him of the day he borrowed someone else's.

To Marguerite Wile, a set of bag pipes with which she may be a good "Scott."

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will this eighteenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty. Class of 1930.

On this eighteenth day of June A. D. 1930, Class of 1930 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence declaring it to be their last will and thereafter as witnesses we three at their request, in their presence and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

George Hall,
Melvin Haley, President,
Paul Callahan, Vice Pres.

GRADUATION

PROGRAM

M. H. S. March — Tozer
M. H. S. Band

Invocation
Rev. Frederick C. Wilson

The Lost Chord — Sullivan
M. H. S. Chorus

Essay, Ipswich As the Birthplace of American Independence
Mary Henderson

Essay, The Trust Funds of Ipswich
Edward Dolan

a. A Cakeshop Romance, Osborne
b. The Life Clock — Arnstein
M. H. S. Glee Club

Essay, Nathaniel Ward and His Contribution to the Massachusetts of To-day.
Mary Brennan

Essay, The Puritan and the Progress of Liberty.
Melvin Haley

Stein Song — Fenstad
M. H. S. Orchestra

Address
Professor Harry W. Tyler

Presentation of Prizes

Presentation of Diplomas
Charles E. Goodhue, Jr., Chairman of School Committee

Benediction
Rev. Frederick C. Wilson

ANNUAL CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Held by the
Class of 1930, M. H. S.
Town Hall, June 18, at 4:00 P. M.

Part I

Selection by M. H. S. Orchestra

A group of poems about Ipswich in honor of the Tercentenary celebration.

1. Introduction Phyllis Haggerty
   Gretchen Lovell
2. "Ipswich Town" J. A. Morgan
   Gretchen Lovell
3. "Harry Main" E. S. Hubbard
   Frederick Pickard
4. "A Tale of Ipswich"
   Virginia Scahill
5. "Pudding Street"
   Samuel Koffman
6. "The Hero of Ipswich Bar"
   Kathleen Morphew
7. "The Devil's Leap
   S. A. Treadwell
   Joseph Patch
8. "Heartbreak Hill"
   B. F. Newton
   Marietta Scotton
9. "Heartbreak Hill"
   Celia Thaxter
   Helen Bemis
10. "The Story of the Rose"
    Phyllis Haggerty
11. "In Ipswich" Eugene Field
    Flora Rust

Selection by the orchestra

Part II

Class History — Herbert Bowen
Class Prophecy — Edith Richardson
Paul Callahan

Scene—Abode of crystal gazer in N. Y.
Time—1945.

Gifts to Girls — Sumner Raymond
Gifts to Boys, — Mary Stone
Class Will — George Hall
School Song

HONOR AWARDS

GOLD RING
Mary Henderson
Mary Brennan

GOLD PIN
Gladys Durham

SILVER PIN
Edith Richardson
Gretchen Lovell
Joseph Patch

BRONZE PIN
Evelyn Dodge
Margaret Arthur

HONOR PUPILS

The following seniors have maintained an average of 85 percent or over during their high school course.

Mary Brennan
Edward Dolan
Mary Henderson
Gretchen Lovell

The class banquet will be held Saturday evening, June 21st at The Foc'sle, Rockmere Hotel, Marblehead.

CLASS MOTTO—"Carpe diem." (Seize the opportunity.)

JARVIS APPLETON

"Mucker" is the clammer who tied with Sumner Raymond for honors as the best looking boy. And he certainly is handsome, as many boys know to their sorrow, for he has a winning way with the girls. Member of A. A.; Best Looking Boy.

VASILIOS AHLADAS

"Basil," a new member of our class, was willed to us by Peabody High. A dull moment is very much enlivened by his presence. His antics in French class have done much to pass the time and break the monotony of the period. Vice President of French Club.

RUTH BAILEY

Ruth is our class musician and often her fingers tire of continually running up and down the keyboard for our benefit. She is gay and likeable; so we always want her around. Member of A. A.; Vice President of Glee Club.

HELEN BEMIS

Helen is a popular girl who loves to go on overnight hikes and keep Mrs. Lord awake. She is jovial and spontaneous and joins in all school activities with a zest. Often in a classroom you can hear her laugh ring out, breaking the silence. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; French Club.

HERBERT BOWEN

"Herbie" is very popular with the ladies and this has won for him the title of class sheik. His ability as drummer and leader of the orchestra has put over many enjoyable socials. He was chosen as MacLeod's secretary for two years. President of Commercial Club; Class Historian; Tiger Staff; Band; Orchestra; Member of A. A.

MARY BRENAN

Mary is our class baby and what a cute one! She is always giggling, eating, and talking, which seems to be as much a part of her as her keen intellect, for she is one of our honor students. Mary is always around with her baby laugh during any activity. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; Senior Play; Graduation Essay; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Gold Honor Award.

PAUL CALLAHAN

"Click" is our class athlete. His unusual ability in football and basketball has won many games for the team. "Click" has also attained fame in the music line tooting a saxaphone. He is a very dear companion of lower classwomen. Football Captain; Basketball; Vice-President of Senior Class; Vice-President of Varsity Club; Treasurer of A. A.; French Club; Band; Orchestra; Class Prophecy; Class Athlete; "Tiger" Staff.

HOPE CLAXTON

Hope is rather quiet but at times she bursts forth into eloquence to the surprise of the class. The fact that she is the better half of the pair of class lovers proves that she is dangerous. She takes an interest in all school affairs. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; "Tiger" Staff; Baseball; Basketball; French Club.

IRMA CONANT

Irma is a silent member of the class, for which we are thankful, for a few of them are necessary to offset the eloquence of some of the rest of us. She is the sort of girl who can get along without prejudices and one who is an asset to the class. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; Commercial Club.

ARTHUR COLE

It took "Art" a long time to decide to come along with us but we're all glad that he finally did. He is good natured and happy-go-lucky. Even tipping cars over doesn't bother him, but a certain drum major does. He is in the limelight when it comes to fooling and playing hockey. Member of A. A.; Hockey Letter.

CHARLOTTE CUIK

Charlotte is a quiet, steadfast girl, but one whom the class would do well to follow as an example. She is zealous in all her studies and does good work. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; French Club; Senior Play; Basketball; Baseball.

RUSSELL CZYRYCA

"Rus" is another new member of our class, from St. John's Prep. Even though he is very quiet, he has a sense of humor which his classmates can appreciate. Although new to the football team, he proved to be invaluable. Member of A. A.; Football; Baseball.

EDWARD DOLAN

"Pee Wee" is the little fellow who has played a big part in our class. The fact that he has been treasurer of the class for four years shows how highly we regard him. Despite his high scholastic ability, he finds time to bother everyone and has earned for himself the title of class pest. Treasurer of Senior Class; Treasurer of French Club; Business Manager of "Cub" and "Tiger;" Senior Play; Band; Orchestra; Graduation Essay.

HELEN FOSTER

Helen is a studious girl who always knows her lesson, and saves the day for the rest of us who are not so ambitious in our studies. Although she is usually quiet, at times she becomes very lively, and loves to tease—Edith especially. She won a prize for her composition in music. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; French Club.

ALTHEA FRAZIER

"Al" with her merry laugh and her ticklishness is very indispensable to our class. She seems to be indispensable to a certain sophomore, too. She willingly enters into our activities and is popular with all of us. Glee Club; Member of A. A.; Commercial Club.

ETHEL GALANIS

Here is our class saint, and isn't she a real one? She has a madonna-like face and her quiet, reserved manners are charming. She has very little to say, but she always knows her lesson and would never come to school unprepared. She is an asset to any class or gathering. Member of A. A.; Glee Club.

PHYLLIS HAGGERTY

Phyllis Haggerty is one of our most sophisticated classmates. In her junior year she made quite a name for herself as an orator. She is tall, graceful, and charming, and a willing helper in all class activities. She is somewhat of a musician and acts as accompanist in music. Dummer and Ford owners are her weaknesses—but then, we all have them. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" staff; Bronze Honor Award. French Club

MELVIN HALEY

"Mevy," another of our boys from Rowley, has become very popular by his friendly disposition and also his curly hair. He was elected President of the Senior Class, President of the A. A. during his senior year. "Mevy" was elected captain of the football team, but because of injuries was not able to fill the position. He was chosen the most popular boy of the class. Graduation Essay.

GEORGE HALL

"George" is a quiet lad who has a special preference for freshmen who come from Rowley. He showed much acting ability in taking the part of a big stock broker in our play. Member of A. A.; Senior Play; Class Will.

MARY HENDERSON

Happy, good-natured Mary has brains and a laugh which are the envy of all of us. She piloted the "Tiger" and a whole crew of "Cubs" into the port of success. Her one failing is that of being ticklish. She's a good sport and goes out for all the girls athletics. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; Editor-in-Chief of "Cub" and "Tiger"; Gold Honor Award; Graduation Essay; Basketball; Baseball.

SAMUEL KOFFMAN

"Sam" is our class clown and he has some very original antics. His curly black hair is the envy of all the girls. Although Sam appears to have a great deal of poise, he really blushes very easily. He is a noted and regular patron of the candy room. Secretary of Senior Class; French Club; A. A.; Property Manager of Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff.

HELEN LAMPROPOULOS

Helen is a quiet, reserved young lady, but her regular attendance at games proved her a good side-line athlete. She is a truly sedate senior and she is right there whenever anything is happening. Member of A. A.; Glee Club.

GRETCHEN LOVELL

Gretchen is a born buisness woman. We know that from the way in which she handled the senior play. She is good-natured, jumpy, and studious. She has a natural weakness for "Guys" and her voice is the support of all the others when it comes to singing. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; French Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Business Manager of Senior Play; Bronze Honor Award; Baseball.

THELMA MacKENNEY

Happy-go-lucky Thelma is a big part of our class; in fact, we just counldn't get along without her. She has a winning smile and nothing ever worries her except styles, diets, and chemistry. She has the distinction of being a radio artist and has an airy voice. Member of A. A.; Glee Club; French Club.

MARGARET MacLEAN

Margaret is one of our classmates who enjoys being quiet. She is tall and slim and makes us realize why gentlemen prefer blonds. She is cheerful and has a pleasant smile for everyone. Glee Club; A. A.; Commercial Club.

KENNETH MacLEOD

"Ken" has always been outstanding in getting things ready for our social activities. He is a willing helper and friendly with everyone—except Dummer men. He is an experienced leader, as is shown by the fact that he was our president in the freshman and junior year, successfully putting through the Prom. His ever ready car has earned for him the title of class chauffeur. French Club; A. A.; Stage manager of Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff; Class Day Committee.
Staff; A. A.

PHYLLIS McCORMICK

Our class man hater is really good fun when you know her. She and Helen Foster are inseparable friends. They both come from Rowley and bring the most delightful lunches. A. A.; French Club; Glee Club.

WAREN McGREGOR

"Brick" is an all-around athlete. He has been a spectacular player in all sports and was the cause of our winning many football and hockey games. His ability to solve physics problems creates a great deal of envy among us. A. A.; Varsity Club; Football; Track; Captain of Hockey Team.

KATHLEEN MORPHEW

One glance tells you that "Kay" is our prettiest girl, and we are not the only ones who think so. We were fortunate in having her join us from Hamilton in her junior year, for she has proved to be indispensable. Her beautiful clothes and wavy hair cause much envy and her sunny personality makes her quite popular. President of Glee Club; A. A.; Senior Play.

JOSEPH PATCH

"Joe" is an actor of great ability. His ignorance of business in the senior play greatly amused us all. As a bishop with his gray hair and side whiskers we could hardly recognize him. Joe is an athlete and has won much renown in football. He is popular with the ladies, especially with a certain sophomore. A. A.; French Club; Varsity Club; Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff.

EDWARD PERRY

"Eddie" is our class trumpet player. He has always helped to make our socials a success, and is also an asset to the band. A. A.; Varsity Club; French Club; Band; Orchestra.

LAUREEN PHELAN

Laureen is pleasingly plump and more pleasingly jolly. Her red cheeks (natural) cause many of the girls to envy her. How do you do it, Laureen? A. A.; Commercial Club, Glee Club.

LEONARD PHELAN

"Mike" holds the very fitting title of class lover. We consider him very fortunate in winning over a more experienced (?) rival. But on the whole, "Mike" is a good all around student and an invaluable classmate. A. A.; Varsity Club; Commercial Club; Letter Man in Football.

FREDERICK PICKARD

"Fred" is our class blusher and a favorite with the ladies. His specialty is blondes. Fred is a very talented actor,as he proved when he played the part of a business man in the senior play. He was one of the outstanding members of the football team. Vice-President of A. A.; Varsity Club; French Club; Letter Man in Football; Basketball; Hockey; Baseball; "Tiger" Staff; Senior Play.

PHYLLIS PICKARD

Short, good-natured, and peppy —that's Phyllis. Lunches and information are the two things which she generally has to offer. Here's one case where a little person is far from insignificant—hers was the vote that decided the girls' class day regalia. A. A.; Glee Club.

RUFINA POLLARD

Rufina is another one of the quiet members of our class, but she is very friendly towards everyone of us. Her love of fun and her efficiency in shorthand are the outstanding characteristics by which we know her. Glee Club; Commercial Club; A. A.; French Club.

SUMNER RAYMOND

Here is Sumner, one of the best-looking boys in the class. He sure was a hit as a lover and liar in the senior play. He is quite a mischief-maker in Room 4, but we should have missed him if Mrs. Lord had been able to steal him. He is quite an athlete and popular with the members of the team. Varsity Club; A. A.; French Club; "Tiger" and "Cub" Staffs; Letter Man in Football; Senior Play.

EDITH RICHARDSON

"Edie" has performed the duties of cheer leader and drum major for us this year to everyone's satisfaction. She is one of our most popular girls, and has shown herself to be an excellent leader. As the mother in our play, she was one of the outstanding characters. Glee Club; French Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" staffs; Silver Honor Award; Senior Play; Basketball; Baseball; A. A.; Class Prophecy; Winner of the Prize Essay Contest in Music.

FLORA RUST

Flora represents the gay, mischievous spirit of our class and possesses an unfailing faculty for amusing us. Her part in the senior play was very well taken and merited honorable mention in our selection of class actress. Glee Club; A. A.; Senior Play.

MARION SALTZBERG

Marion is of a very decided temperament and can always be depended upon for quick and steadfast decisions. She is one of our best basketball players. She plans to be an interior decorator and has shown her taste in school affairs. Glee Club; French Club; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.

JOSEPH SAROKA

"Joe Charles" is our class woman hater. He may hate them, but we notice that he watches closely a certain blonde member of our class. He has always entered into all the sports and the teams couldn't get along without him. A. A.; Varsity Club; French Club; Letter Man in Football; Basketball; Captain of Baseball Team.

DOROTHEA SCAHILL

"Dot" represents our class well in athletics. She was captain of the senior girls' basketball team and assistant cheer leader. She has a charming smile, which everyone, especially the boys, seems to enjoy. Glee Club; A. A.

VIRGINIA SCAHILL

Virginia has the same merry smile that her sister has, and between them both we are kept cheerful all the time. She, too is a basketball star. It seems to run in the family. Glee Club; A. A.; French Club.

MARIETTA SCOTTON

Marietta is our class poet and she carries the philosophy of her poetry into every day life. Her remarks are continually amusing us, and her efforts in French are the cause of much hilarity. However, she is quite unobtrusive in other respects, and very well liked. Glee Club; French Club; A. A.; "Tiger" Staff.

CATHRYN SHEEHAN

Cathryn is still another one of the quiet girls of our class. All we ever hear is her merry laugh, but we hear that quite often and it's just to let us know that she's enjoying her stay with us. Glee Club; Commercial Club; A. A.

JOSEPH SIKORA

"Chick" is very quiet and never disturbs us in the classrooms. He is so quiet that you would never think he had a girl. His curly hair is gazed upon with fond eyes by all the girls. He is an athlete like his pal "Joe Charles". Member of A. A.; French Club; Varsity Club; Letter Man in Baseball; Football, and Basketball.

VIRGINIA SMITH

Virginia is the reason why senior boys are seldom absent. However she has a little time for us girls, and we have found that her chief joy in life is harmless mischief-making. She is always ready to join in anything and help it along with her gaiety and clever ideas. French Club; Secretary of Commercial Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; A. A.; Secretary of Glee Club.

MARY STONE

Mary is our most popular girl as well as class actress. Her splendid part in the senior play won her the latter honor, and her winning smile won her the former. She was a member of the basketball and baseball teams and has managed the "hot-dog squad." Treasurer of Glee Club; French Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Commercial Club; A. A.

CHANDLER TODD

"Chink" is the wild boy from Rowley. He and "Mucker" often startle us at recess by their remarks and actions. He acts quite desperate at times, but we know he is only fooling. You can see that he is very good-looking, and he uses his looks as an aid towards winning the heart of a certain tall, senior blonde. Member of A. A.

ELSIE WATSON

Elsie is one of our most efficient typists and she has helped a great deal in furnishing the classes with necessary typing. She is very friendly and quiet (at times) and we all like her. Glee Club; A. A.; Commercial Club.

VARSITY CLUB

Standing, left to right—Coach Conary, Joe Patch, Tony Budzianowski, Norman Ewing, Fred Pickard, James Vassilopoulos, Joe Sikora, Tony Cynkus Warren McGregor, Mr. Burke
Seated, middle row, left to right—Boleslaw Cynkus, Sumner Raymond, Joe Saroka, Melvin Haley, Paul Callahan, Harry Munro
Bottom row, left to right—George Dziadose, Edward Perry, Leonard Phelan, Atherton Howe, Joseph Ross, Richard Mansfield

SPORTS REVIEW

FOOTBALL

Manning High had a successful season with five victories, four defeats, and one tie. Haley was elected captain but was unable to play because of illness. Callahan was elected at the beginning of the season to fill the position. There were eight seniors on the team who received their letters.

The results were as follows:

Punchard High 6	Manning 0
Newburyport High 41	Manning 6
Reading High 12	Manning 0
Rockport High 6	Manning 13
Danvers High 0	Manning 12
Johnson High 12	Manning 0
Salem (N. H.) High 0	Manning 12
Hampton Academy 0	Manning 26
Rockport High 18	Manning 28
Manchester High 0	Manning 0

Atherton Howe was elected captain for the season of 1930.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Standing, left to right—Coach Conary, Lloyd Scott, Philip Blaisdell, George Dziadose
Seated, left to right—Joe Patch, Paul Callahan, Harry Munro, Joe Saroka, Joe Sikora

HOCKEY

Manning High had a hockey team after being idle for a season. Because of the fact that the players had never played before on an organized team, the season wasn't very successful. McGregor, the only letter man in school was chosen captain. McGregor and Pickard were the only seniors on the team; so only two will be lost by graduation.

The results were as follows:

Essex Aggie 1	Manning 2
Peabody High 4	Manning 0
Topsfield High 1	Manning 1
Dummer Academy 4	Manning 1
Essex Aggie 2	Manning 1
Danvers High 2	Manning 1

Gordon Player was elected captain for the season of 1931.

BASKETBALL

Manning had a fair season with three victories and five defeats. The boys were handicapped because they were unable to practice until five o'clock after the offices in the town hall have closed. There were four seniors who received their letters but there are many from the lower classes who have had experience and will be regulars next year.

BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Standing, left to right, Arthur Brennan, Norman Ewing, Tony Cynkus, Walter Comeau, John Bialek, Roger Denningham, Manuel Alexopulous, Coach Burke
Seated, left to right—Boleslaw Cynkus, Gordon Player, Warren McGregor Frederick Pickard, Arthur Cole

BASEBALL

Manning High's baseball team had a very successful season. Coach Burke by hard work put on the field one of the best teams that has ever represented Manning in baseball. Joseph Saroka was captain of the team.

The results of the season:

Manning 6	Essex 5
Manning 9	Manchester 8
Manning 6	Johnson 9
Manning 5	Danvers 6
Manning 14	Hamilton 4
Manning 6	Dummer 4
Manning 11	Essex 0
Manning 10	Topsfield 2
Manning 10	Manchester 0
Manning 9	Johnson 8
Manning 21	Hamilton 11
Manning 5	Dummer 9
Manning 8	Topsfield 9

THE SENIOR PLAY

On January thirtieth the annual senior play was presented before a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Lovell, the business manager worked hard on the sale of tickets and the result was very satisfactory.

SENIOR PLAY CAST

Back row, Standing left to right—Joseph Patch, George Hall, Edward Dolan, Sumner Raymond, Fred Pickard, Charlotte Cuik.
Seated, left to right—Mary Stone, Flora Rust, Edith Richardson, Kathleen Morphew, Mary Brennan

MacLeod and Koffman, as property managers, deserve much credit for their work with the scenery.

"Nothing But The Truth," is a comedy in three acts. The scene of the first act is laid in a broker's office in an uptown hotel; the second and third acts, the parlor in the summer home of E. M. Ralston. The part of Robert Bennett was particularly well played by Sumner Raymond whose efforts to tell the truth for twenty four hours form the plot of the play. Fred Pickard as E. M. Ralston and George Hall as Dick Donnelly, both partners of Bob's, acted especially well. Edward Dolan was really quite convincing in the part of VanDusen. In fact, by merely listening to his loud booming voice, one would feel fully assured that he were a man. The role of Bishop Doran was well acted by Joseph Patch who proved to the audience "how very little he knew about business." Mary Stone, as Gwen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralston, proved herself very capable of playing the leading lady. Edith Richardson took the part of Mrs. Ralston, a dignified matron. Her interpretation of the part, together with her excellent voice and enunciation, made her one of the outstanding characters of the play. Kathleen Morphew, as Ethel Clark,

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Standing, left to right—Frederick Pickard, Treasurer; Harry Munro, Secretary; Paul Callahan, Vice President

Seated—Melvin Haley, President

proved herself a skilled singer and pianist. The parts of the two chorus girls were played by Flora Rust and Mary Brennan who seemed equally well versed in the arts of throwing kisses and weeping. Charlotte Cuik took very creditably the part of the maid.

Between the acts the girls of the senior class sold candy. From this and the sale of tickets the sum of $209 was added to our treasury.

GLEE CLUB OFFICERS

Standing, left to right—Mary Stone, Treasurer; Ruth Bailey, Vice President; Virginia Smith, Secretary
Seated—Kathleen Morphew, President

THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The Glee Club Concert was held in the Opera House, Thursday evening, May fifteenth. The audience was a sizeable one in spite of the rainy weather. Seven numbers were well rendered by the Glee Club. Our assisting artist was Mr. Field, a soloist, from Boston. All of his selections were very enthusiastically received by the audience.

This year, more than any other,

THE ORCHESTRA

Standing, left to right—Ernest Smith, Harry Munro, Paul Callahan, Richard Garrett, Joe Adamowicz
Seated, left to right—Herbert Bowen, Edward Dolan, Norma Tozer, Edward Perry, Fabian Ciolek

the concert was an activity in which a larger part of the school participated. Mildred McGlew '33 gave two humorous readings and Norma Tozer, the club's accompanist, played a very interesting number. The Stein Song" as played by the orchestra and "The Frat March," by the band were certainly very pleasing as shown by the loud applause. The semi-chorus, a chosen group from the club sang "Spring is Here" and "A Dream Boat Passes By."

However, the thing which seemed most pleasing to the audience was our school song. It was used three times as the last number on the program, being played once by the band, once by the orchestra, and sung by the Glee Club.

The concert was certainly a big success!

The dramatic climax of the evening was a fire which broke out in the Opera House a few hours after the concert was over. Considerable damage was done to the building and the grand piano hired for the occasion was ruined. Fortunate for us that it did not occur a few hours earlier.

FACULTY

Standing, left to right—Miss Allen, Mrs. Cruickshank, Miss Streeter, Miss Ventres, Mr. Tozer, Mrs. Lord, Miss Blodgett.
Seated, left to right—Mr. Burke, Miss Blood, Mr. Whipple, Miss Atwood, Miss Swett, Mr. Conary

ALUMNI

The following are graduating from schools or colleges this year:

Gertrude Lovell '26 from Miss Wheelock's.

Hazel Manzer '26 and Antolena Kmiech '26 from Boston University.

Earle Hardy '26 is doing fine in Beloit, Wis.

Leonora Pollard '26 is doing well at "Vogue Beauty Shop."

BIRTHS

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Latham.

ENGAGEMENTS

Katherine Cameron '26 to Earl Ewing '26.

MARRIAGES

Vera Blaisdell '24 to George Benedix.

Esther Pyne to Wilmot Hall '24.

Ruth Norman '26 to Thomas Latham.

Minerva Dunbar '26 to Albert Spyut '22.

Pauline Burke '29 to Donald Flynn.

G. Lovell.

CUB STAFF

Standing, left to right—Edward Dolan, Business manager; Francis Ames, '32, Class Reporter; Ruth Beals, '31, Art Editor; Norma Tozer, '31, Class Reporter; Edith Richardson, Athletic Editor; Phyllis Haggerty, Literary Editor; Mary Stone, Exchange Editor; Sumner Raymond, Joke Editor;
Seated, left to right—Ann Patch '33, Class Reporter; Winifred Austin, '31, Literary Editor, Gladys Durham, Literary Editor,'31; Mary Henderson, Editor-in- Chief; Mary Brennan, Social Editor; Virginia Smith, Class Reporter, Gretchen Lovell, Literary Editor

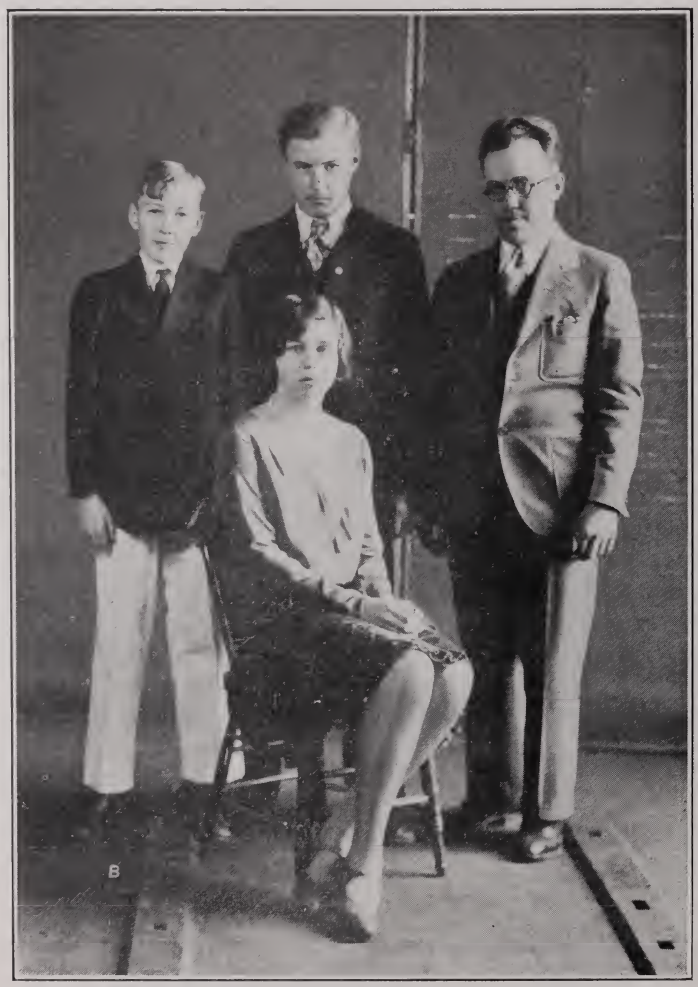
CLASS CELEBRITIES

Prettiest girl—Kathleen Morphew.
Best-looking boys—Tie, Jarvis Appleton, Sumner Raymond.
Most popular girl—Mary Ston.
Honorable mention—Edith Richardson.
Most popular boy—Melvin Haley.
Class clown—Samuel Koffman.
Class pest—Edward Dolan.
Woman-hater—Joseph Saroka.
Honorable mention — Warren McGregor.
Man-hater—Phyllis McCormick.
Class saint—Ethel Galanis.
Class baby—Mary Brennan.
Class blusher—Frederick Pickard.
Class athlete—Paul Callahan.
Class poet—Marietta Scotton.
Class orator—Melvin Haley.
Class musician—Ruth Bailey.
Class vamp—Virginia Smith.
Honorable mention—Flora Rust.
Class caveman—Warren McGregor.
Honorable mention — Sumner Raymond.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Standing, left to right—Edward Dolan, Treasurer, Samuel Koffman, Secretary
Seated, left to right—Melvin Haley, President, Paul Callahan, Vice President

Class lovers—Hope Claxton and Leonard Phelan.
Class artist—Russell Czyrca.
Class author—Gretchen Lovell.
Class actress—Mary Stone.
Honorable mention—Flora Rust.
Class sheik—Herbert Bowen.
Class boyologist—Edith Richardson.
Class bluffer—Sumner Raymond.
Class chauffeur — Kenneth MacLeod.
Class serenader—Edward Dolan.



FRENCH CLUB OFFICERS

Standing, left to right—Edward Dolan, Treasurer; Sumner Raymond, Secretary; Vassilios Ahladas Vice President
Seated—Mary Henderson, President

FROM THE POET'S CORNER

Vasilios Ahladas
"Here I am a-driftin', weary through and through,
Seeking education—anything will do."

Jarvis Appleton
"He hath a daily beauty in his life."

Ruth Bailey
"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memories."

Helen Bemis

COMMERCIAL CLUB OFFICERS

Standing, left to right—Winnifred Austin, Vice President; Virginia Smith, Treasurer; Helen Hebb, Secretary
Seated—Herbert Bowen, President

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Herbert Bowen

"My only books
Were women's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."
Mary Brennan

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure."
Hope Claxton and Leonard Phelan

THE BAND

Standing, left to right, Douglas Wood, Richard Mansfield, George Green, Richard Garrett, Benny Andrion, Ernest Smith, Francis Mullens,
Left to right—Parker Hall, Donald Wood, Norman Ewing, Harry Munro, Paul Callahan, Edward Perry, Mr. Tozer
Seated, left to right—Arnold Brooks, Herbert Bowen, Edward Dolan, Fabian Ciolek, Edith Richardson, Joseph Kobos, Arthur Brennan

"Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

Paul Callahan
"Hail to the Captain, who in triumph advances."

Irma Conant
"Her voice was very soft, gentle, and low,
an excellent thing in woman."

Charlotte Cuik
"A kind and gentle heart she had,
To comfort friend or foe."

Russell Czyrca
"Whether he's slow or spry,
He comes up with a smiling face".

Edward Dolan
"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan,
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes."

Helen Foster
"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Althea Frazier
"There's never a care
For her soul to bear
No trouble to make her fret."

LATIN CLUB

Standing, left to right—Fabian Ciolek, Praetor; Ida Wells, Secretary
Seated, left to right, Gladys Durnham, Praetor, John Patch, Treasurer

Ethel Galanis
"Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Phyllis Haggerty
"Little, dancing, white-fire creature."

Melvin Haley
"He was a man, taken for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

George Hall
"I had to grin to think about

LOWER CLASS OFFICERS

Standing, left to right—Fabian Ciolek, Vice President, '31; Grover Bailey, '32 Vice President; Gordon Player, '31 Treasurer; Norman Ewing, '31, Secretary; Robert Clogston, '33, Vice President; Richard Mansfield, '32, Treasurer; James Austin, '33, Treasurer

Seated—Mildred Hardy, '32, President, Marion McGlew, '32, Secretary; Harry Munro, '31, President; Peter Retales, '33, President; Margaret Hamm, '33, Secretary

The fun I had before they caught me."

Mary Henderson
"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

Helen Lampropoulos
"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Gretchen Lovell
"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well."

Samuel Koffman
"An' so when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the tempter's voice, 'at urges me within."

Thelma MacKenney
"Appetite grows with eating."

Margaret MacLean
"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

Kenneth MacLeod
"Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate.
Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate!"

Phyllis McCormick
"A countenance in which did meet,
Sweet records, promises as sweet."
Warren MacGregor
"Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit."
Kathleen Morphew
"She is fair to see and sweet,
Dainty from her head to feet,
Modest as her blushes show,
Happy as her smiles disclose."
Joseph Patch
"Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As one born to rule the storm."
Edward Perry
"King of two hands he does his part
In every useful toil and art."
Laureen Phelan
"Thy sports, thy wanderings when a child
Were ever in the sylvan wild,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face."
Frederick Pickard
"If she thinks not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?"
Phyllis Pickard
Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks."
Rufina Pollard
"And her voice it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run."
Sumner Raymond
With his uncheck'd unbidden joy,
His dread of books, and love of fun."
Edith Richardson
"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity."
Flora Rust
"Round her eyes her tresses fell--
Which were blackest none could tell."
Marion Saltzberg
"Her very tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds."
Joseph Saroka
"The muscles of his brawny arms
Were strong as iron bands."
Dorothea Scahill
"Taking love for her chief pleasure."
Virginia Scahill
"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."
Marietta Scotton
"I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er hill and dale."
Cathryn Sheehan
"Fair as the day and as sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay."
Joseph Sikora
"And did you see him smiling down?"
Virginia Smith
"Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours."
Mary Stone
"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses."
Chandler Todd
"A-hunting we will go."
Elsie Watson
"Yet in her shy, expressive face
A touch of urban arts I trace."

SONGS INSPIRED BY THE CLASS OF 1930

Vassilios Ahladas—..He's So Unusual."
Jarvis Appleton—"One Alone"
Ruth Bailey—"Charming."
Helen Bemis—"Sunny Side Up."

Mary Brennan—"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."
Herbert Bowen—"I'm The Sheik of Manning High."
Charlotte Cuik—"She's a New Kind of Girl."
Paul Callahan—I've Waited A Life Time For You, Marianne."
Russell Czyryca—"He's a Good Man."
Hope Claxton—"My Man Is On the Make."
Irma Conant—"Peace of Mind."
Edward Dolan—"Sunny Boy"
Helen Foster—"My Time Is Your Time.''
Althea Frazier—"Blue Eyes."
Ethel Galanis—"Bashful Baby."
Phyllis Haggerty—"Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man."
George Hall—"Why Pick On Freshies."
Melvin Haley—"The Gay Cabellero."
Samuel Koffman—"Laugh, Clown, Laugh."
Gretchen Lovell—"To Be In Love."
Mary Henderson—"Blondie."
Helen Lampropoulos—"My Troubles Are Over."
Kathleen Morphew—"Beautiful."
Thelma MacKenney—"I Don't Want To Get Thin."
Margaret MacLean — "I'm A Dreamer."
Kenneth MacLeod—"My Kinda Love."
Phyllis McCormick—"Too Good To Be True."
Warren McGregor — "Steppin' Along"
Joseph Patch—"Eleanor."
Phyllis Pickard—"Little Pal"
Frederick Pickard—"Somebody and Me."
Laureen Phelan—"Sweet Lorraine."
Leonard Phelan—"I Got a Great Big Date."
Rufina Pollard—"Dainty Miss."
Flora Rust—"Fashionette."
Sumner Raymond—"Here I Come."
Edith Richardson—"Blue Bells of Scotland."
Marion Saltzberg—"I Ain't Got Nobody."
Marietta Scotton—"What Is This Thing Called Love?"
Joseph Saroka—"Ploddin' Along."
Joseph Sikora—"Singing A Vagabond Song."
Cathryn Sheehan—"Yours Sincerely."
Mary Stone—"Coquette."
Dorothea Scahill—"I Must Have That Man."
Virginia Scahill—"I'm the Last Of The Red Head Mammas."
Virginia Smith—"Falling In Love."
Chandler Todd—I'm Looking For A Girl Named Mary."
Elsie Watson—"Crazy Rhythm."

We acknowledge exchanges from:

"Fairview Flicker"
Rocky River, Ohio
"The Little Red Schoolhouse"
Athol, Mass.
"The Ray"
Salem, New Hampshire
"The Oriole"
Barwick, Georgia
"Halt Magazine"
Liverpool, England
"Authentis"
Stoneham, Mass.
"Record"
Newburyport, Mass.
"Hilltop"
Missouri
"Hermiad"
Hingham, Mass.
"Harpoon"
New Bedford, Mass.
"Broadcaster"
Kansas City, Nebraska
"Hamiltonian"
Hamilton, Mass.

We have enjoyed your magazines and newspapers. Originality is an outstanding feature among all. They all show hard work and cooperation of the staff and contributors.

"The Pioneer"
Reading, Mass.

Your magazine is A, Number 1. Very attractive cover design and your cartoons are clever. We also enjoyed your well written reading material.

TIGER JOKES

BUSINESS

Mrs. L: "Isaac! Isaac! I can hear a man snorin' under the bed. He must be a burglar."

Mr. L: "Hush Rebecca! Don't vake him, an' den ve vill charge him for a night's lodgin' in de mornin.' "

Exchange.

They were looking at the kangaroo in the zoo when an Irishman said: "Beg pardon, sor, phwat kind of a creature is that!"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "that's a native of Australia."

"Good hivens!" exclaimed Pat, "An me sister married wan of thim."

Exchange

Kindhearted Lady: "What caused you to become a tramp?"

Ragged Tim: "The family physician, mum. He advised me to take long walks after my meals, and I've been walking after 'em ever since.

Exchange

Aunt Mary: Will you let me kiss you if I give you a penny?"

Little Jim: "A penny! Why—I get more than that for taking castor oil."

"You wouldn't think" said the Mississippi youth, "that my musical ability was the means of saving my life."

"No, I would not," remarked his friend. "Tell me how it happened."

"Well, there was a big flood in my home town and when the water struck our house Father got on a bed and floated down the stream."

And you?"

"I accompanied him on the piano."

Exchange.

"I don't know."

"Johnny, what is a cannibal?"

"Well if you ate your father and mother, what would that make you?"

"An orphan."

Exchange.

"Now," said the leader of the Brushville band, "we'll play 'The Stars and Stripes Forever!' "

"Gosh," explained the cornet player, "I've just played that."

Exchange.

THE PARTNER'S

BARBER SHOP

21 Market St. Ipswich

EWING
BOUCHER
EWING

N. JODIN

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